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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

OPPORTUNITY

Foolish is he who says that at his door
I knock but once, a furtive moment stay,
Fearing lest he shall hear, then haste away,
Glad to escape him—to return no more.
Not so, I knock and wait, and o'er and o'er
Come back to summon him. Day after day
I come to call the idler from his play,
Or wake the dreamer with my vain uproar.

Out of a thousand, haply, now and then,
One, if he hear again and yet again,
Will tardy rise and open languidly.
The rest, half puzzled, half annoyed, return
To play or sleep, nor seek nor wish to learn
Who the untimely, clownish guest may be.

W. H. Eddy.

Atlantic Monthly.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

THE HORSE AND THE DOG AND THE MAN.

The horse and the dog had tamed a man
and fastened him to a fence.
Said the horse to the dog, "For the life
of me, I don't see a bit of sense
In letting him have the thumbs that
grow at the sides of his hands, do
you?"
And the dog looked solemn and shook his
head and said, "I'm a goat if I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get
loose and sadly he begged them,
"Stay!"
You will rob me of things for which I
have use by cutting my thumbs away!
You will spoil my looks, you will cause
me pain! Ah, why would you treat me
so?
As I am, God made me, and He knows
best! Oh, masters, pray let me go!"

The dog laughed out and the horse re-
plied, "Oh, the cutting won't hurt!
You see
We'll have a hot iron to clap right on,
as you did in your docking of me!
God gave you your thumbs and all, but
still the Creator, you, know, may fail
To do the artistic thing, as he did in fur-
nishing me with a tail!"

So they bound the man and cut off his
thumbs, and were deaf to his pitiful
cries,
And they seared the stumps and they
viewed their work through happy and
dazzled eyes.
"How trim he appears," the horse ex-
claimed, "since his awkward thumbs
are gone!
For the life of me I cannot see why the
Lord ever put them on!"

"Still it seems to me," the dog replied,
"that there's something else to do;
His ears look rather long for me, and
how do they look to you?"
The man cried out, "Oh, spare my ears!
God fashioned them, as you see,
And if you apply your knife to them
you'll surely disfigure me!"

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know,"
the dog decisively said,
"When you bound me fast and trimmed
my ears down close to the top of my
head!"
So they let him moan and they let him
groan while they cropped his ears
away,
And they praised his looks when they let
him up, and proud indeed were they!

But that was years and years ago, in an
unenlightened age!
Such things are ended now, you know;
we've reached a higher stage!
The ears and thumbs God gave to man
are his to keep and wear,
And the cruel horse and dog look on and
never appear to care!

S. E. KISER,
in Chicago Record-Herald.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1910 NUMBER 20.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one.

—Ruskin.

We print on another page an article from the pen of our colleague, Edwin D. Mead, on "Business and Politics," written for the *Boston Transcript*. It is a timely suggestion to the "business man" on the eve of the spring elections. Enslaved indeed is the man whose business disfranchises him, or drafts him into that profligacy which robs the city and state of the power of his personality, the logic of his experiences, and of his strength and wisdom.

Rabbi Leonard Levy of Pittsburg, publishes in a convenient form his Sunday lectures: No. 4, Series IX for December 19, is on "A Twentieth Century Ideal," a broad, kindling sermon on Isaiah's words, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more." We wish this pamphlet might be widely circulated, not only on account of its being one more contribution to the war on war, but the attendant war on disease, war on ignorance, war on poverty, that is discussed.

Mrs. Annie Sturgis Duryea has been employed by the International School of Peace to promote the cause of International justice and fraternity among the women's clubs of America. She is at the service of the women's clubs, as we understand it, anywhere and everywhere, without cost beyond that of traveling expenses. Here is a high apostolate which ought to be productive of great good. John Ruskin said that whenever the women of the world really made up their minds to put an end to war, they could do it.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* tells us that the Methodist year book just out reports a total membership of three and one-fourth millions, and that the record of increase belongs to the Illinois Conference, which added nearly four thousand members last year. If Methodism has been enabled to carry John Wesley along with its prosperity, it is well. John Wesley was a social reformer, a civic power. He wrought for the economic and political elevation of England. Let the Methodist brethren be heard from on these lines next year.

The *Public* for January 7, in a discriminating article, discusses "Who Profits by the Increased Cost of Living?" basing the argument on the declaration of the Secretary of Agriculture that "the farmers are not getting the benefit of increased prices of food stuffs." He discovers exorbitant profits for the retailer, the men "of big business interests" intent upon co-operation, consolidation, merger and trusts into which they pump "water" and from which they extract "cream" to enlarge their fees. These are "prospered" by high prices, but to the great bulk of the people, high prices mean low living.

Last week in a quiet corner of the Fine Arts Building of Chicago, the Women's College Alumnæ Rooms, an event of great importance transpired without blare of trumpets or even the usual notoriety which the daily papers are supposed to give to important events. It was the permanent organization of the Chicago Peace Society, with George E. Roberts of the Commercial Bank as President, and Charles E. Beals, recently of Boston, now of Chicago, as Secretary. These executive officers are backed with a full compliment of directors and vice presidents, consisting of prominent laymen and laywomen. The splendid impulse received at the notable congress held in Chicago last May was not allowed to be dissipated. Mr. Beals, with much consummate skill, has kept at work, and no organization has been perfected in Chicago for a long time more deliberately, with an abler body of backers, or a more sure financial support than this present organization, full particulars of which will appear in UNITY from time to time.

The resignation of the Rev. B. S. Winchester from the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Winnetka for the purpose of becoming Director-General of the Sunday-school instruction work of that denomination in Boston, is a movement of much more than denominational interest. Mr. Winchester had become the very successful and efficient pastor of a community church. Winnetka, a favored suburb, has a band of citizens who are determined to do things. They have developed "Winnetka ideas" and have instituted "Winnetka methods." These sensible people had rallied around Mr. Winchester in his effort to unite the whole community in the interest of religion and to make the church an educational center on the lines

of morals and religion. Dr. Winchester, for he received his "D. D." from his Alma Mater, the Chicago Theological Seminary, just before starting for his Boston work, is by training, temperament and experience a teacher. He is promised a free hand in his attempt to reconstruct and elevate the Sunday-school instruction. Mr. Winchester is a man of the New School, in sympathy with the higher criticism and the newer pedagogy on biblical and religious lines, as other lines. And if he can replace the car-loads of crude and antiquated material that is being inflicted upon the guileless children every week with something that will bring the Sunday-school instruction up to the standard of the intelligent pulpits, or at least prevent the undoing in the Sunday-school of progressive work and the leering word spoken by the intelligent preacher, he will accomplish a work of immeasurable value,—one destined to do much toward restoring the churches to their position of honor and leadership, which threatens to slip from their grasp.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* for January 5, asks the question, "Has the Church a Gospel of Recreation?" It pushes home the question with skill and frankness, based on what it calls the "recent remarkable study of Jane Addams." This article closes without definite recommendation. It says: "To what extent the Church should make provision for its people's amusement is a question by itself. But even if a Church made no specific provision in the way of occasion and place, it could sympathetically ally itself with all neighborhood projects for that purpose and take its place in the hearts of the people as a friend and supporter of all that was tributary to the joy of life." It seems to us that our neighbor might go further in the way of specific recommendation. A close student of Miss Addams' last book will discover that the first obstinate difficulties in the way of the rational enjoyment of the young might be called "geographical and architectural ones"—that is, a great dearth of space for the legitimate recreation of all classes. There is no place for them to go to. Chicago has done more than any city in the world, perhaps, toward making playgrounds and building "mote-houses," but what are fourteen small parks with their field houses and gymnasiums for two and one-half million people? The wealthy have provided themselves with social club-rooms, golf grounds, athletic and other buildings, but the number who can take advantage of these privileges with their wives and children are comparatively infinitesimal. What are they driven to? Inevitably the logic of the situation points the finger of condemnation at the perhaps 1,500 chapels, churches, mission houses, synagogues, built "by the public and for the public"—they are neighborhood centers. For the most part these churches are dark and cold these winter days, while the tides of young life described by Miss Addams ebb and flow around their corners unhoused and unsheltered. If perchance a light appears in the window, to the children of the streets in these places, it is a beckoning to sing hymns and pray and to listen to sermons and study the Bible, and collateral activities, all of which are good and necessary. This is the great opportunity of the church. If they do not know what to do for the amusement of these children, they can at least throw open the door of their social room, and offer the warm, well-lighted rooms to those who are willing to undertake the difficult but all-important task of directing the leisure of the American public.

"The Conservation Party"

The turn of affairs at Washington is as hopeful as it is distressing. It suggests short range pessimism but long range optimism.

The most conspicuous man on high lines in public affairs, a man who brought into the service of the nation great native ability, highly specialized training and a large fortune, of which he gave in unstinted measures on new constructive and prophetic lines, has been summarily dismissed from office. However justified this dismissal may have been by the "dignities," the "discipline" and the tactics of partisan politics, he has only been endeared to the public heart and been made more conspicuous in the ranks of the world's statesmen. Pinchot is an international character, who probably next to Lloyd-George himself of the English Cabinet, is identified most conspicuously with prophetic statesmanship. These two great statesmen have put their fingers on the canker spot in modern politics—on the corrupt spot of modern statecraft. These two men have propounded the questions in a way to compel a hearing, "Who owns the great resources of Nature anyway?" "What has given individuals, singly or collectively, the right to devastate the forests, to monolopize the wealth of the mine, to arrest and divert the rivers and water courses of the world for individual ends and selfish purposes?" Who can justify a few individuals in withdrawing from the future resources of humanity a vast acreage of fertile lands, kept as 'preserves' for idle shooters and arrogant proprietors, while 'the civilization' that owns these monstrous holdings of one kind or another is burdened also with an ever-increasing list of paupers, overworked women and under-fed children made prematurely old by the tasks from which children ought to be exempt?"

The achievement of Pinchot, when adequately told, will not only be a story of a great economic triumph that has caused millions of desert acres to bloom as the rose and dreary wastes to become lovely homes for happy people, but it will be a story of a knight errant

who went forth with his lance to fight the battles of the unborn, to protect the rights of coming generations, to unhorse the robber barons who have arisen to power by the brutal forces of war and such military tactics as bring successes into the economic and industrial struggles, as well as on the fields of Mars.

Pinchot may be a poor partisan, he may have blundered in court etiquette, and he certainly has been a thorn in the flesh of corrupt politicians, greedy speculators and selfish capitalists from the start. Perhaps presidential dignities justified his removal, but his removal has only lifted him into a more conspicuous position. He is destined to become more than ever the darling of the honest man, the trusted leader of honorable statesmanship.

The line of cleavage between good and bad politics —progressive and corrupt policies—is at last becoming clear. The Republican ship has long been waterlogged; its bottom is so coated with parasitic barnacles that it has become utterly unseaworthy, while the Democratic hulk has been rolling in the trough of the sea with its engines out of order and its sails so torn that it can make no headway either by steam or by wind.

The psychological moment has come to launch the new craft. An adequate and competent crew of insurgents, *protestants,* champions of the people's rights, is at hand, and Pinchot is the man of the hour—or rather, the man of the era of new statesmanship to be captain of the crew.

Let the "CONSERVATION PARTY" be formed. It is a good name, a reconciling name. It indicates a program that appeals to right minded men of all parties. Here is a definite "next thing to do" that ought to challenge the co-operation and indorsement of the embryonic labor, socialistic, single tax and people's parties. There is a great host of new Democrats who want to face issues that are ready for fresh enlightenment, and there is perhaps as large a host of "old line Republicans" who are still susceptible to the inspirations of the party of Liberty to whom the name of Lincoln is still a high call to independency and reform. Let all these get together in season and stand together, and Gifford Pinchot will be made president in 1912.

Let a mass convention be called early to discover and expound the logic of "Conservation," to formulate some clear principles upon which legislation should proceed; and let it set forth clearly the tremendous corrupting power of patronage and the unblushing use of the same from the president down to the obscure country postmaster. Let the discussion make clear the fact that the good causes so much affected at Washington today, can never largely be advanced by bad men. Deep waterways, postal banks, tariff revisions, interstate organizations, and the wise control of trusts, have little to expect when championed, as they too often are, by men lifted into power by the worst methods of partisan politics.

The time is opportune. The grotesque wielder of the gavel, the humorist in National politics, has at last been snubbed if not unhorsed.

The times are auspicious. President Taft, when he dismissed Pinchot, builded wiser than he knew. He has greatly advanced the interests of conservation in the world. Pinchot may well represent the deepest and largest interests in the statesmanship of the United States at the present time. Let the "Conservation Party" be formed and let Pinchot be its standard bearer.

BE NOT ATTACHED

"Be not attached,"—so runs the great command
For those who seek to "Know and Understand."
Who sounds the waters of the deeper sea
Must first draw up his anchor and go free.

But not for me that knowledge. I must wait
Until again I enter through Earth's gate.
I am not brave enough to sail away
To farther seas, and leave this beauteous Bay.

Love barnacled, my anchor lies. And, oh,
I would not lift it if I could, and go
All "unattached," to find those Truths which lie
Far out at sea, beneath a lonely sky.

Tho' peace of heart and happiness of soul
Await the seeker at that farther goal,
With love and all its rapture and its pain,
Close to the shores of earth I must remain.

Not yet would I relinquish my sweet dream,
To gain possession of the Fact supreme.
I am attached; and well content to stay,
Learning such truths as Love may send my way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THERE IS NO MORE ANY PROPHET

We that are weak are lonelier to-night,
For all the learned—
The men of knowledge, those who might
Have warmed the world's worn heart—have turned
To unenduring things;
And those who yearned
For God's great gift of vision, and the wings
Of mighty Truth, have each one spurned
The life of sacrifice, and service meet
For sorrow's feet.
And hearts,—not dead, not living,—that once burned
As mine does now, are cold.
Do they forget the meek?
Shall those who might be bold
To stoop and gather all the poor and old
In an immortal happiness, be weak?
Oh, ye that are endowed
Beyond us who are frail,
Like theirs that find the desert's whitened trail
Whose hands cannot avail,
God calleth you aloud,
Through his innumerous people's prayer—
And reach the shallow well—but find no water there.

—Samuel McCoy, in McClure's

In such a time as ours we need above all else to find God. Not the God of comfortable Sunday meditation who is often only an esthetic God, a thought God, or sentiment God who does not rule life, but the God of reality on whom we can build our lives.—*George B. Foster.*

THE PULPIT

President Eliot's "New Religion"

By Rev. Richard W. Boynton, of Buffalo, N. Y.

I. The Old Religion and the New.

At the closing session of the Harvard Summer School of Theology in Cambridge last July, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years the president of Harvard University and easily the foremost of American educators, delivered an address on "The New Religion." The speaker is one of the most eminent and distinguished of American citizens, and his utterance on such a subject was sure to attract wide attention. It was unfortunate that the address was first given to the public in the form of incomplete newspaper reports containing only such fragmentary bits of a long and closely knit discourse as could be caught by the reporters during the hour required for its delivery. The full text was not published until more than two months later, when it first appeared in the October number of the *Harvard Theological Review,* with the title of "The Religion of the Future." Soon after it was reprinted as one of the free tracts of the American Unitarian Association, in which form there has been an enormous demand for it from all parts of the country.

It was my great privilege to be one of the audience of ministers and students of theology of many denominations, which gathered in the lecture room of the Semitic Museum in Cambridge on the twenty-second of last July to hear this notable address. President Eliot gave it from manuscript in his usual calm and unimpassioned manner, but it was felt by those who were present to be a striking and significant utterance. The speaker was just about to lay down his high office as president of the oldest and greatest of American universities, after a lifetime of such service to his generation as few men, even of high distinction, are permitted to render. Not only his intellectual eminence and his unrivaled powers of leadership and administration, but also his noble purity of life and entire simplicity of nature, contributed to give to his words far more than usual impressiveness.

As not himself a professional teacher of religion, especially in one of the creed-bound churches, Dr. Eliot enjoys a freedom of utterance that few of those who stand in pulpits, alas, permit themselves to indulge in. Not only is he entirely free, he is also unflinchingly brave; he is not afraid to express the truth as he sees it, and nothing but the truth, and all the truth, whatever temporary unpopularity the utterance may bring upon himself. In no respect was his utterance on that occasion more memorable than in its absolute and unqualified candor. This candor, or frankness in the utterance of his thought, Dr. Eliot undoubtedly owes in part to his transparent integrity of character, but also in part to his early scientific training. He is one of the large body of educated men of today whose approach to questions of religion is from the side of scientific principle and method.

It has been a little hard to understand why this address on the new religion, striking as it undoubtedly was, should have been met by such a storm of indignant remonstrance and reply. Through the whole month of August, with echoes lasting on into September, the pulpits and press of the country rang with all kinds of protest and answering argument. It would have hardly seemed possible in advance that the utterance of a single man, however eminent, delivered not to a great audience but to a few students in a quiet lecture-room, should have created such a general commotion. You will find, as you read the address, that there is little or nothing revolutionary about it. There is no harsh denunciation of Orthodox belief, no violent attack upon those who nevertheless felt impelled to strike sharply back. The address is simply a frank and full setting forth by an educated American of the modern spirit, of the type of religious thought which seems to him to be becoming prevalent today in the more instructed and progressive minds of the time. Its significance is rather in what it omits than in what it denies.

In speaking of his qualifications to describe the new religion, Dr. Eliot says, "My point of view is that of an American layman, whose observing and thinking life has covered the extraordinary period since the "Voyage of the Beagle" was published, anaesthesia and the telegraph came into use, Herbert Spencer issued his first series of papers on evolution, Kuenen, Robertson Smith, and Wellhausen developed and vindicated biblical criticism, J. S. Mill's Principles of Political Economy appeared, and the United States by going to war with Mexico set in operation the forces which abolished slavery on the American continent—the period within which mechanical power came to be widely distributed through the explosive engine and the applications of electricity, and all the great fundamental industries of civilized mankind were reconstructed." It is as a man of open mind, living amid the experiences and thought currents of the time in which these great events have occurred, that Dr. Eliot finds it necessary to define for himself a new religion, which it is his conviction is also to be the religion of the future.

It is my purpose, taking my start from this address, to set forth in six connected sermons, the new religion as I have myself come to understand it and believe in it. By taking my start from President Eliot, I do not mean to imply that in all respects and at every point I am in complete agreement with him. But it is because in the main I am in hearty agreement that I propose to take from his address a series of texts, so to speak, for what I want to say. My desire is to give a sympathetic treatment of his thought, not in the mutilated, incomplete form in which it met with so much hasty and ill-considered criticism, but in its complete form.

I

The new religion, or the religion of the future, according to Dr. Eliot, is the religion that is growing up in human souls in view of the changed intellectual and moral outlook of the last half century.

It surely must be admitted by all thoughtful persons that an immense change has taken place, both in our thinking and in our feeling about the great concerns of religion. The well-known hymn of Bishop Coxe declares that:

> "Holy church is praying yet;
> A thousand years the same."

It is certainly true that all branches of the church are praying yet, but it is not true, in the sense at least that I mean to keep uppermost, that the church for a thousand years or even for fifty years remains the same. Most significant in this regard is President

Eliot's opening paragraph, in which he reviews in a masterly way the various phases of interest connected with the religious life which had come before the students of the Summer School of Theology in previous lectures. He says, in his striking fashion, "As students in this summer's school of theology you have attended a series of lectures on fluctuations in religious interest, on the frequent occurrence of religious declines followed soon by recoveries or regenerations both within and without the churches, on the frequent attempts to bring the prevalent religious doctrines into harmony with new tendencies in the intellectual world, on the constant struggle between conservatism and liberalism in existing churches and between idealism and materialism in society at large, on the effects of popular education and the modern spirit of inquiry on religious doctrines and organizations, on the changed views of thinking people concerning the nature of the world and of man, on the increase of knowledge as effecting religion, and on the new ideas of God. You have also listened to lectures on psychotherapy, a new development of an ancient tendency to mix religion with medicine, and on the theory of evolution, a modern scientific doctrine which within fifty years has profoundly modified the religious conceptions and expectations of many thinking people. You have heard, too, how the new ideas of democracy and social progress have modified and ought to modify not only the actual work done by the churches, but the whole conception of the function of churches. Again, you have heard how many and how profound are the religious implications in contemporary philosophy. Your attention has been called to the most recent views concerning the conservatism of energy in the universe, to the wonderful phenomena of radio-activity, and to the most recent definitions of atom, molecule, ion, and electron—human imaginings which have much to do with modern conceptions of matter and spirit. The influence on popular religion of modern scholarship applied to the New Testament has also engaged your attention; and, finally, you have heard an exposition of religious conditions and practices in the United States which assumed an intimate connection between the advance of civilization and the contemporaneous aspects of religions, and illustrated from history the service of religion—and particularly of Christianity—to the progress of civilization through its contributions to individual freedom, intellectual culture, and social co-operation."

It is when we are presented with a summary like this that we realize how much there is that has distinctly to be called new in the religion of the present time. If there is a new religion which is to be the religion of the future, it is because mankind has moved forward in its swift process of evolution into a new atmosphere and environment,—full of forces and tendencies of even the names of which our grandfathers were ignorant, since the things themselves fifty years ago had not begun to exist. It is in this new atmosphere, this changed environment, that we must learn to think and feel today, or else slowly fossilize and become gradually out of touch with the time in which we live.

It is not intended, of course, to claim that anything so highly complex in its structure and so deeply rooted in the subsoil of our human nature as religion is, can ever be wholly new. The greater part of the critical attacks upon Dr. Eliot's utterance were inspired, I am fully persuaded, by the mistaken notion that his new religion, just because it was declared to be new, must utterly destroy the old. But that is not the case at all; as he explicitly states in a sentence that was no doubt omitted from the hasty reports first published. "The religion of a multitude of humane persons in the twentieth century," he says, "may, therefore, be called without inexcusable exaggeration a new religion,—not that a single one of its doctrines and practices is really new in essence, but only that the wider acceptance and better actual application of truths familiar in the past at many times and places, but never taken to heart by the multitude or put in force on a large scale, are new."

You will observe the distinction here so carefully drawn between the essence of a religion and its form, or between what Theodore Parker would have called the transient and the permanent in religion. Whatever is true in our faith the new religion would guard as jealously as did the old, for it is part of its most devout belief that, in the words of Whittier's hymn:

> "All of good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad."

Its adoption does not mean, as some hasty critics seem to have assumed, the repeal of the ten commandments or the teachings of Jesus. On the contrary, it is that we may set free the essence of religion from its hitherto hampering forms that we seek to have a new religion at all. From one point of view it may even seem a mistake to speak of a new religion. The New York State Conference of Religion which met in Buffalo recently has as its motto, "Religions are many, religion is one." This might even more appropriately be, "Theologies are many, religion is one." What is in question when we speak of a new religion is not so much the heart of the matter, in which we all, I trust, feel alike, but rather the theoretical expression of it. Only in the present case, the change in our form of apprehending the truth has become so radical and far-reaching as to become a change that goes far to make the heart of the matter seem other than it was.

II

Now let me try to give, by way of introduction to the five sermons which are to follow, some few of the leading characteristics of what we are to call, after President Eliot, the new religion.

The first great point of difference is this, that whereas hitherto men have been generally agreed in looking upon religion as of all the interests of life that one which was most permanent and unchanging,—the same yesterday, today, and forever,—we have come within the last half century to look upon religion as, like every other aspect of our life whatsoever, a process of unceasing growth or development.

"The ultimate and unchallenged proposition of the older view," says a recent scholarly writer,* "was that religion was a doctrine, a body of supposed truths. It was in fact what we should now call theology, and what the ancients called mythology. The duty of man towards this revelation was to accept its doctrines and obey its precepts. The notion that this revelation had grown bit by bit out of man's consciousness, and that his business was to better it, would have seemed rank blasphemy. Religion, so conceived, left no place for development. The truth might be learned, but never

*Prof. Jane E. Harrison, in "Darwin and Modern Science," Cambridge Centenary Volume, p. 494f.

critically examined. Being thus avowedly complete and final, it was doomed to stagnation.

"It is sufficient to recall that revelation included such items as the creation of the world out of nothing in six days, the making of Eve from one of Adam's ribs, the temptation by a talking snake, the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, the doctrine of original sin, a scheme of salvation which demanded the virgin birth, vicarious atonement, and the resurrection of a material body. There is not one of these doctrines that has not now been recast, softened down, mysticised, allegorised into something more conformable with modern thinking. It is hard for the present generation," concludes this writer, "unless their breeding has been singularly archaic, to realize that these amazing doctrines were literally held and believed to constitute the very essence of religion; to doubt them was a moral delinquency."

If there is any doubt as to whether the old religion is going out of many minds and a new one coming in, it surely ought to be dispelled by the mere recital of this catalogue of traditional Christian doctrines. It is not so much that these beliefs, once practically universal in Christendom, are now anywhere specifically denied; rather they are simply taken for granted and allowed to stay in the background of the mind, or else are quietly ignored, while the living thought goes forward in quite other channels. The situation is not unlike that of a great river which, having flowed for ages through a certain picturesque region of country, was led by some mighty upheaval of nature to change its course and flow through quite a different region. The new current of religion flows on in the same world as did the old, but the climate and scenery of our lives have utterly changed. I do not intend to say that the new religion is without doctrine of any kind, for that would be far from true. The new religion has its body of doctrine at least as firmly knit together and as fully interrelated as the old; only so far from being a fixed and rigid system, the new is really organic, something that grows and is alive and may even change its form, as we do from year to year without losing our essential nature. That, after all, is what marks off the ancient from the modern world of thought. The keynote of all our thinking now is evolution, which means simply growth, not growth out of the old into the new so much as a growth by which the old, only half conscious that it is growing at all, insensibly becomes the new.

"Religion," says President Eliot, speaking in the new spirit, "is not a fixed but a fluent thing. It is, therefore, wholly natural and to be expected that the conceptions of religion prevalent among educated people should change from century to century. Modern studies in comparative religion and in the history of religions demonstrate that such has been the case in times past. Now the nineteenth century immeasurably surpassed all preceding centuries in the increase of knowledge and in the spread of the spirit of scientific inquiry and of the passion of truth seeking. Hence the changes of religious beliefs and practices and in the relations of churches to human society were much deeper and more extensive in that century than ever before in the history of the world."

This is simply a statement of the undoubted fact that, notwithstanding its pretensions to permanence in form as well as in essence, religion has really been constantly changing its form, and at times to such an extent that the difference became one of essence as well. It is not the fashion nowadays to say much about the doctrines of the Spanish Inquisition, which led to the most cruel and relentless persecution of heresy in every form, or of Jonathan Edwards, who went to the weird extreme of declaring that the blessedness of the good in heaven would be increased by the sight of the tortures of the condemned in hell. Yet when we remember how confidently these incredible doctrines were once taught, and how few places there are in the world where even an echo of them can be heard, we see what is meant by religious growth. If we only admit to ourselves the principle that religion is a growing and not a stationary thing, then we belong on the side of the new religion rather than of the old, because then it is only a question of time before we shall open our minds to the possibilities of further growth in thought; and once started down that stream of tendency there is no more clinging to the special doctrines of the past, however dear to the feelings. There comes a glad sense of freedom and abandon, not as of one who has lost himself on the way, but rather as of one who knows his goal to be the open sea of truth, breathed over by great breaths of infinite reality.

III

I have been dwelling upon the first great characteristic of the new religion as being its recognition of the universal fact of growth. A second characteristic, perhaps equally important, is the open-mindedness of the new religion toward all truth, both old and new. The believer in the new religion is not a radical, meaning by that word one who wishes to cut off all his roots with the past. He is rather like that scribe of the kingdom of heaven defined by Jesus in the gospel as one who brought forth out of his treasures things both old and new. The old things that nevertheless remain forever true, and the true things that nevertheless are sometimes new, belong together in the synthesis of the new religion.

This open-mindedness of the new religion is largely the gift of science. The beginnings of all science are in imagination. Men imagined how certain things must have come to be, and after a while the custom of thinking that they came to be so would raise that mere fancy into a dogma; for example the idea that man was made out of the dust of the ground. It seems to have taken a long time in human development for men to observe creation with open eyes and unbiased minds, to see how things really did happen instead of imagining how they happened and then declaring that it must have been so. This looking at the facts and letting them teach their own lesson is what we mean by scientific method. If it has taken science all these centuries to gain its present freedom, it is likely to take religion some centuries more to drop its old imaginings and see how things actually are. This quality is open-mindedness, the willingness to learn. It is almost a new thing in the world so far as religion is concerned. But it is coming, and will prevail.

One or two other remarkable qualities go with this open-mindedness of the new religion. The first of these is tolerance. An outstanding characteristic of the old religion was its harsh intolerance. Having a rigid dogma supposed to be divinely revealed in its completeness, it seemed to the old religion as it does to the more rigid Catholic teaching of today that doubt was a moral offense. Doubt was identified with sin and was even declared to spring from it. Intolerance

was exalted as a virtue,—the virtue of zeal and earnestness in upholding one's religious belief. Nowadays, however, almost nothing in religious men strikes us as more unlovely than this same intolerance. The tolerant man to us is not the one who doubts where he stands, or is uncertain what he believes; rather, however firmly he holds to what he thinks, he knows that religion is too large a matter to be seen only from one point of view; he recognizes that it has many ways of approach. There are in human nature fundamental differences of temperament and of inclination. Because I feel little need in myself for an elaborate ritual in worship is no reason why I should denounce and persecute you if you feel such a need in your nature. Let us have two different churches in which to worship, one of them low, as the expression is, and the other high. In that other form of service which consists in love to man, there is no reason why you and I, as high churchman and as low, may not work hand and glove together for the betterment of the community in which we both live. That friendliness of people who agree in the great essentials and differ only in minor details is characteristic of the new religion.

With it there goes still another characteristic as precious as this beautiful tolerance itself, and that is a fearless and unflinching sincerity. The severest denunciations of Jesus in the New Testament are directed against what he called the hypocrisy of the scribes and Pharisees. They were good men, but men who had reduced the practice of religion to a rigid system, and with such a system it is impossible to know at any time where you stand. You cannot possibly obey all its precepts, so you have to pretend a little in order to make up for any lapse. This pretension of keeping up to an artificial standard of belief,—for example one that is required of you by the creed of your church,—is always a fertile source of make-believe with yourself. You never quite dare to say that you do not know about any point. You have to profess to know because the creed requires such profession. If you preach from a pulpit you have to say what you are expected to say or else be in danger of falling into heresy. Now at the present time this situation has become extremely acute. Practically no living being can repeat the ancient forms of belief in their original sense. Therefore we are in a period of endless exposition and interpretation. But the peril of that situation is two-fold. First is the peril that even if you are a preacher you will never quite see anything as it actually is, but only through the colored glasses of your inherited beliefs; and the second and far greater peril is, of course, that being under the domination of the creed you will never fairly say what you in your own person truly think. If you have an honest doubt you will instinctively stifle it, even though all history may show that the stifling of such a doubt in the breast is one way of turning a deaf ear to the very voice of God.

Now in the new religion there may be room for infinite crudeness and mistake, but at last sincerity in thought and speech is demanded of all who believe. This is, as I have said, one of the outstanding traits of President Eliot's great address. It has had the surprising effect it has just because his sincere and robust mind has dared to state certain doubts and negations of the older theology which many of its professors secretly cherish in their thought, but do not venture openly to express. It is a significant situation. One of the old divines published a book on "A Sandy Foundation Shaken," and Theodore Parker once said that a rational doubt fairly stated would shake all the pulpits of New England. It is the downright sincerity of the new religion that makes it dreaded as much as anything by those who only half believe what they profess, and only half think their way through their doubts to clear and positive affirmation.

IV

Finally, the new religion groups together two or three closely related qualities that must more and more, one would suppose, commend it to untrammeled minds. It is democratic. It does not assume that revelation is the monopoly of any one race or people, any one class such as the priests, or single sacred volumes such as the Bible. The divine ideas may visit, and do visit, every man born to the world,—rich or poor, learned or ignorant alike. The new religion stands or falls, Dr. Eliot powerfully declares, not on authority, but on the free acceptance of individual reason and conscience. Again, it is a humane religion. It is not so sharply logical in its operations as to divide off mankind into two definite classes, the saved and the lost. Rather it appeals to the better qualities in every man and holds that good and evil in humanity are only differences in the degree of striving for right, or of yielding to temptation. Jesus himself, when he said to the inquirer, "Why callest thou me good? There is but one good; that is God," spoke in the spirit of the new religion. We are all alike striving toward the better and the best, and while we cannot fail to recognize moral differences in men and women, still our judgment of them can never be quite absolute, because we know how frail we ourselves have been and because we believe profoundly and passionately, through all our striving or our failing, that humanity in us if given a fair chance will attain and arise to its proper and unalienable dignity. Last of all the new religion is ethical rather than speculative in its tendencies; that is to say, as President Eliot says in regard to the problem of evil in the world, "The disciple of the new religion may not speculate on the origin of evil in general (though we may add he is in no wise prohibited from such speculation if it appeals to him) but he will surely try in any case to find the best way to cure the special wrong or evil that he sees."

This, that I have said is merely by way of general introduction to what is to follow. But at least, in setting the truth before you that the new religion recognizes the universal fact of growth, and that it is thereby enabled to be open-minded, tolerant, sincere, democratic, humane, and ethical in its prevailing motives and tendencies, I hope that I may have persuaded you to look upon it as something not wholly to be despised, but worthy of thoughtful consideration. If you would be partakers of the modern spirit, with its insistence upon that fact of growth, and with its steady advance into that temper of open-mindedness, tolerance, sincerity, democracy, humanity, and morality, I would respectfully commend to you the further study and practice of the new religion, the religion of the future.

Business and Politics

The president of one of the leading banks in Boston is reported as declining to express any opinion upon the present municipal campaign or openly to favor either of the candidates for the mayoralty. He wished to "keep out of the contest," and proceeded to expound his philosophy of the proper attitude of a great banker in a municipal election: "I am at the head of a large banking institution. We are doing business with people who are friends of one or the other of the mayoralty candidates. Supporters of each of these candidates are numbered among our depositors. I am endeavoring to divorce this institution absolutely from politics. I am in business and not in politics."

This is certainly one of the most startling definitions of a business man's relation to civic life to which our American public has ever been treated. For a conspicuous like we must go back to the Erie Railway period of Jay Gould, who confessed himself on a famous occasion: "Here a Democrat and there a Republican, but always an Erie man." It is hard to see how a bank president's choice for mayor involves his institution in politics in any other sense than Samuel B. Capen and Thomas B. Fitzpatrick involve their establishments in politics by refusing to suppress their political opinions for the sure placating of every partisan customer. Suppose some splenetic trifler—of no other can it be supposed—does indeed cross the street to buy his cloth or carpets or open a bank account, are such considerations to determine a citizen's course in a democracy? The great banker and the corner grocer both feel the force of business pressure, and they are citizens alike.

Thirty years ago I picked up a German geography, a common textbook in the schools of Leipsic, and turning to the single page devoted to the United States found that the Leipsic children were instructed that our people were so materialistic that it was popularly said that "the god of the Americans is the Almighty Dollar (about four marks)!" This week, in a conspicuous place, one of our serious thinkers has expressed the mournful opinion that patriotism is dying in America, and dying because the dollar mark is over all.

The German geography is wrong; the mournful publicist is wrong. But if American patriotism ever does fatally decay, it will be precisely because the dollar-mark has spread over all, and our American merchants are so monopolized by care for customers and our bankers by care for depositors that there is no room left in their "business" heads for politics, and they have ceased to care the flip of a cent, or the effort to express an opinion, whether their city has a good mayor or a bad.

We have just been reading again—I hope we have all been doing it—Dickens's Christmas Carol; and we remember well the remorseless response of Marley's ghost to Scrooge's faltering effort to defend his old partner to himself for his neglect of the community by the plea that he had always been "a good man of business." "Business!" cried the ghost. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business." That is the solemn warning of the ghost of doom to the American merchant or moneychanger to whom considerations of "business" have become so omnipotent that there is no longer space with him for politics or the civic fortune of the town. "Business! Politics is your business. In a democracy it is the first business of every sagacious or serious man. Neglect it long enough, and your every other business fails, and the commonwealth is gone."

It is within the memory of living men that we had a presidential election in America about bimetallism; and bank presidents and railroad presidents issued manifestoes to their people: "Vote in this coinage of silver at such a ratio to gold, and tomorrow the business of this country will not be worth fifty cents on a dollar." No matter whether their frenzied manifestoes were wise or foolish—I think they were foolish—this surely is true: let corruption and malfeasance run riot long enough in our city halls and capitols, let the public be plundered long enough, let public wrongs long enough roll up unredressed, while the banker and the merchant concentrate on depositors and customers, and the morning may come—the appeal is not to fancy but to history—when no good business in the town will be worth a cent, and every man in the whole "practical" cohort will bear sad and solemn witness to the fact that in a democracy politics—politics in earnest on the part of every man—is the very corner stone of business. "The leaders of business," said President Eliot in North Carolina recently, "recognize today that their possessions are the result of social influences." If they do not recognize it and cheerfully pay their debt to the good city and good commonwealth which environs them and gives their "business" its stability and worth, what have we to expect?

City politics is just as urgent as national politics or world politics. These rest fatally upon that; and this is an important thing for us always to remember in connection with our municipal duty. A young man asked me the other night, when I had been speaking about the better organization of the world, what he could do about it, and I told him to do everything in his power between now and election day in behalf of a better city government for Boston. If we are to have a better world, we must work from the soles of our boots. No man can touch the great international problems of our time and contemplate the immense opportunity and potentiality of our American republic concerning their solution without learning that our power is precisely proportioned to our public morality and our reputation among the nations. And nothing else so prejudices that reputation and neutralizes that influence in the world as the degree to which indeed "the dollar mark is over all," and the degree to which the government of our great cities has become a byword and a reproach. The man who votes in this approaching election to make Boston pure is voting to make this American nation strong and through her strength to advance the cause of justice and order in the great family of nations. The man who votes wrongly in Boston, or "keeps out of the contest," is wronging London and Moscow and Pekin. Yesterday this was but remotely true. Today it is exigent; and Boston's virtue concerns the reader of the Novoe *Vremya* as it concerns the reader of the Springfield *Republican*.

If we all knew this as we ought to know it, there would be an end of trifling, and less patience with the cavortings at "zebra" dinners. This is no ordinary municipal election. It is of fundamental import to Boston. It is to determine whether the immense re-

form efforts of the last two years are to go for nothing. That is the way it looks to New York and Chicago and to every man far enough away—and the progressive men of the whole country are looking anxiously on—to see the contest in its clear outlines and not see the dust. Do we not all know well whose success or defeat ten days hence will register for the country the success or defeat of municipal advance in Boston? It is no time for finical criticism of Mr. Storrow; it is for us to remember now that he has been made the leader of the movement for good government in Boston. This one rises to recall in a long speech the dealing by the School Committee under his chairmanship with Mr. Tetlow and the Girls' Latin School. In my judgment that thing was deplorable, and the public apology for it worse; but is that a sanction for voting for Mr. Fitzgerald or Mr. Hibbard for mayor of Boston? Few of us have not written letters that we are not proud of. I have read letters of my own, written after I was twenty-one, in defence of the doctrine of apostolic succession. Mr. Storrow may have made mistakes in his life, but who doubts that he will be an upright, able mayor of Boston, and that the whole cause of municipal reform here is involved in his election?

I have referred plainly to the School Committee matter, because we are electing more than a mayor and councilmen; we are electing a member of the School Committee, and there are those who carry their disaffection with certain courses of the present committee so far as to threaten to show it by voting for Mrs. Duff. It seems to me—I say it for any teachers or others who care for my word—that this would be deplorable. It would show a lack of true perspective and of grasp of true methods of reform, and sacrifice the great for the little. It would justify the man beyond the dust in saying the day after election that Boston had not been true to herself. It is for all of us to go to the polls soberly ten days hence, with Emerson's high call ringing in our ears:

"Let Boston stand fast by herself! She has grown great. She is filled with strangers; but she can only prosper by adhering to her faith. Let every child that is born of her and every child of her adoption see to it to keep the name of Boston as clean as the sun."

—Edwin D. Mead, in the Boston Transcript.

Nietzsche had no great respect for German prose. None of the civilized peoples of today, he said, had such bad prose as the German. It follows no pattern or ideal, is improvised (i. e. written without care). Bad writing is indeed regarded as a rational prerogative. It is to be observed that he does not speak of poetry, in writing which, he says, Germans know that they must have a care—but the idea of style, self-discipline, in prose is foreign to them. The real treasures of German prose are in Nietzsche's estimation confined to Goethe's writings (the "Conversations with Eckermann" he calls the best German book extant), Lichtenberg's Aphorisms, the first book of Jung Stillings' Autobiography (published by Goethe), Adelbert Stifter's Nachsommer and Gottfred Keller's Leute von Seldyhn. A singular judgment (at least in its omissions) we presume most Germans will say, Who was Adelbert Stifter?—W. M. S.

Democracy

"Democracy is that order in the state which permits each individual to put forth his utmost strength." In a true democracy there can be no coercion, for a protesting minority have equal chance to extend their ideas, and bring about representation. The old conception of government is not ours, for we do not obey rulers, we obey the laws which we ourselves have helped to make. Where there is external law and obedience, there is not a pure democracy, where there is free co-operation there is. The moment the individual is prevented from expressing himself in the formation of such a voluntary co-operation, democracy is degraded. The "just powers" of democracy only come from the consent of the individuals who form it. All suppression of free speech, all coercion of minorities, all political use of ignorant citizenship is destructive of democracy. The monarchist and the anarchist, the constitutionalist and the socialist, each have equal rights in a democracy with those of republican ideals, to freely declare their ideas. In democracy it is the right of the people even to abolish the government, if it shall seem best for their safety and happiness. This is even prepared for in the Declaration of Independence. The person most loyal to democracy is always ready to say with Jefferson, "I would rather be exposed to the inconveniences arising from too much liberty, than those arising from too small a degree of it." The most dangerous kind of anarchist is he who will not permit each individual to put forth the utmost strength, for he is a denier of the eternal law of individual being, than which Emerson well said there was nothing more sacred.

To hear of a democracy of people who are "not fit to vote," is to hear its funeral bell, rung by some traitor. Let the political machines be destroyed, let the bosses no longer boss, let business interests no longer corrupt, let lawyers think more of justice than of fees, and give these people who are "unfit to vote" a chance to put forth their utmost strength, and we shall be reconverted to the declaration that the people can be trusted. It is foolish to talk of not giving liberty till people know how to use it, there is not an instance in history of a people having been successfully taught to govern themselves, by a guarding power, practicing the principle that the people should not be given liberty till they are fit for it. It is the gift which fits them. So for the ideal democracy of the future, "when every man shall do that which is right in his own eyes," when every man shall be true to himself and thus to every other man, the way to hasten that day is to live to teach each man to rule "the empire of himself." If anyone imagines this a lax life, let him try to live it but one day. This is the true democracy, where each individual loyal to the eternal law of his nature, voluntarily co-operates with other loyal comrades to live together in peace and love.

E. A. RUMBALL.

Rochester, N. Y.

Correction

In the correspondence from William M. Salter, published in the issue of UNITY for December 30,1909, please correct the printer as follows: in the sixth line from the end read "rend" for "send," and in the German citation in the fifth and sixth lines from the beginning, read *"Morgenrothe, Werke, Tascherausgabe."*

THE HOME

Behind the Counter

"I am sorry to have taken so much of your time," the customer said, pleasantly, "but samples are necessary sometimes. I will take these to my dressmaker at once and mail my order tomorrow."

Lois Bently hesitated a moment, but a glimpse of Fanny Oliver's sales slip ostentatiously displayed nerved her to courage.

"I don't mind the time ever," she said, "but you see somebody is to be laid off for the summer, and I *have* to work. But the samples have my number and the sale will be credited to me."

"You deserve it, certainly," the lady answered. "I hope your next customer will be quicker than I have been." She turned away with a friendly good-by smile, leaving Lois half-encouraged, half-hopeless. There was not much question among the girls that Lois would be the one to go; she seemed fated to have those who wanted cheap laces come to her, whereas Fanny Oliver always captured the big purchasers. Fanny said it was part of business to know which customers to go to, and that Lois had not a business bump.

"But somebody has to wait upon them," Lois argued.

"Doubtless, but it can be somebody else," Fanny retorted, lightly. "You see the difference it makes. Your sales today have been thirty-nine dollars and mine one hundred and sixty-three dollars."

Yes, it was easy to see the difference, and Lois, summoned to the manager's office the next day, told herself she had known it all the time; what she had not realized was that until then she had not given up hope.

The manager looked up pleasantly.

"I called you up, Miss Bently, to show you a letter we received from a customer this morning. I think it may interest you."

Lois, bewildered, took the letter. At first the phrases meant nothing to her, so sure had she been of dismissal; but after a little she began to understand—"the very great patience and courtesy of the young lady who waited upon me," "not the first time I had noticed her unfailing patience even with the most trying customers"—the words looked at her like friendly, assuring faces.

"I merely wish to add, Miss Bently," the manager said, as she handed back the letter, "that the kind of saleswoman noted in this letter is the kind we never part with if we can help it."

Suppose—she had not written! Lois did not realize that she had said it aloud until she heard the manager answering her thought.

"Yes, we might have made a mistake, although we are not so likely to as you think. But even then, the same qualities would have won in the end. They always do, Miss Bently."

Lois, shining-eyed and pink-cheeked, went back to the lace counter. It was good—best of all—to know that real things counted. But how other people helped—if they would!—*Exchange.*

Mother Dog's Devotion

During the terribly destructive floods which visited many sections of the country, the following pathetic story was told in a Kansas journal. It is on the old, old theme of mother-love, only this time in a dog instead of a human being:

A colored man living next door to one McDivett was taking care of a fine setter bird dog. The old dog had a litter of nine puppies, of which she was as proud as ever was any human mother of the first little stranger that came to her home. The mother and her family were kept in the barn in the rear of the lot, and as the water rose the colored man and his family left home and went to the South Side. They also left the dogs. The barn was lower than the house and the water soon was running in at the back. The old dog took a survey of the situation and one by one she carried the nine helpless puppies to the house, which was a little higher.

Still the water crept higher, and once more her precious family was in danger. Another investigation followed, and the old dog made another transfer, this time taking her family, one at a time, to McDivett's house next door, which was set high and dry.

But the flood had not nearly reached the limit yet, and in an hour the water was creeping into the one-story building, and the poor dog-mother was frantic. McDivett, by making a walk of fence boards from his back door to the back fence, was able to make a platform there which was three or four feet above the water. There he took refuge, and there the old dog followed, swimming a part of the way, but bringing every one of her family of nine through to the place of safety.

The water rose more slowly then, and it looked as if the mother-love of that dog was to be rewarded; but the currents ran swifter, and the water lapped higher and higher, and just before dark, McDivett had to take to a tree. There was no dry place in sight. The poor old bird dog gave a despairing look around, took one of the puppies—her favorite, perhaps—in her mouth, and started away, swimming aimlessly about, looking for a safe place to land it. Soon she disappeared in the current; but in about half an hour she returned, swimming fiercely against the current. She swam to the place where she had left the other eight of her babies, and they were gone. While she was absent the water had washed away the little raft and the eight brown babies had been drowned. The mother managed to take refuge on an old shed near by, and all that night McDivett says the hardest thing he had to listen to was the mournful howl of that mother.

"My own situation was bad enough," he said, "but every time that dog would howl there was something so human in her cry that it made one's heart ache for her."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Culture is that which turns the little, sour, wild crab-apple of the roadside into the apple of the orchard. Culture is that which transforms the wilful child of five years into the earnest boy of ten, the self-controlling man of twenty, the helper of men at thirty, the loved of men at fifty.

—*William C. Gannett in Culture Without College.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

SWITZERLAND'S NATIONAL PARK.—Two very interesting and fully illustrated articles by H. Correvon in *La Patrie Suisse* give the history and latest developments of this project in a way that cannot fail to interest all lovers of the Alpine world, says:

For twenty-five years, (1885-1908), the *Bulletin de l'Association pour la protection des plantes* has advocated the establishment in Switzerland of a national park, which should be for our country what the Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley are to the United States, what Little Barrier Island is to New Zealand, a refuge for local species, a sanctuary showing the nature of the country in its virgin state, unmarred by man. In 1895 we asked that there might be instituted at Yverdon a refuge for the paludal flora of that little corner, formerly so rich in them but now impoverished by the drying up of the marsh, a reservation or wild retreat to be guarded and cared for. The syndic to have taken to heart what a desid- to bother with such matters, but now the Public Utility Society of that town, which formerly played a not unimportant part in the domain of science, seems to have taken to heart what a desideratum this is and to be bound to realize it.

Quite distinct from this is the project outlined some years ago by the Helvetian Society of Natural Sciences for the establishment of a Swiss national park, and it is the committee appointed by it, whose chairman is Dr. Paul Sarasin, of Basel, which has taken the matter in hand.

Inspired by the example of the United States, which as early as 1864 had reserved the natural beauties of the Yosemite Valley, and then, in 1872, detached from the public domain the region of the Yellowstone to form the famous national "reservation" park, Professor Schroedter of Zurich, proposed in 1906 that the Scarl Valley should be purchased and set aside for a living museum, a domain consecrated to the protection of the plant and animal world. This suggestion gained headway, and the newspapers throughout Switzerland warmly supported it. Dr. Christ, the eminent president of the Swiss Botanical Society, lent the weight of his authority to the support of the attractive project, and in July of that same year, Dr. P. Sarasin, accompanied by the central president of the Helvetian Society of Natural Sciences, visited the locality to study the question on the spot. They met in the Scarlthal Drs. Christ and Brunies, and the Scarl country was thoroughly studied and greatly admired. However, on the return by way of Zernez, these gentlemen ascended the Piz Quatervals, which Dr. Coaz had just studied and brought to notice, and, from the top of this wonderfully situated summit, they commanded a view of the Cluoza Valley, wild and picturesque in the highest degree. As a result of studies made in this valley, and on the slopes of the Piz Quatervals, by Dr. Brunies, who knows the region thoroughly, the financial choice of the Committee was fixed rather upon the region about Zernez than the Scarl Valley. In fact, the Cluoza Valley has just been ceded by Zernez, for a very moderate sum, to the committee of which Dr. Paul Sarasin is chairman.

This valley is in the Lower Engadine, deeply shut in and aboslutely wild. It divides at the upper end forming the valleys Sassa, Valetta and Del Diavolo.

A noted Austrian geologist, Dr. Spitz, describes the Cluoza as a veritable gem of the Alpine domain and one of the valleys of the Alpine chain best adapted for a protected district, separated as it is from Italy by the almost impassable barrier of the Piz Quatervals and from the adjoining valleys by lofty summits. Its geological importance is considerable, for it contains granite, gneiss, dolomite, slate, limestone and several schists. Trees abound and all the conifers of Switzerland grow there naturally, while the list of plants given by Dr. Sarasin is one to delight the heart of a botanist. In fauna too it is extraordinarily rich, being little known to hunters. A family of bears was discovered there some months ago, so says Professor Schroedter.

This valley, then, presents the aspect of nature as it was in the Alps at the time when Haller traveled through them, and even when Tschudi wrote his Alpine World. The hand of man has not yet desecrated this beautiful wilderness of nature and one may still see here, what is rare enough, stretches of virgin forest. A member of the Swiss Alpine Club, Mr. von Bulow, published in 1884 the account of a trip made from Zernez to the Livigno Valley (Italy) by the Del Diavolo pass, a *terra incognita* to tourists. This trip had been made but once before, by an Englishman, of course, Mr. D. W. Freshfield, in 1866. Led by the pastor of Zernez, Mr. von Bulow threaded the dark forests, still frequented by bears; climbed the difficult slopes, scaled the wildest rocks and, after nine hours of ascent from Zernez (Freshfield covered the same ground in five hours and a half) reached the summit of the pass, from which they descended into what the author calls that "earthly paradise, beautiful Italy," not without encountering at the gate of this Paradise, the cherubim with the flaming sword in the shape of brigands of His Majesty, and customs officers posted there to remind men that the veritable Paradise is lost.

Cluoza Valley is seven kilometers long by three or more broad. It rises from 1,500 meters at Zernez to 3,159, and the walls which surround it consist of the Piz Quatervals (3,159), Monte Serra (3,095), Pizzo del Acqua (3,129), and Piz del Diavolo (3,072), so that it seems admirably adapted for the first national park, Swiss reservation and Alpine conservatory.

There is no intention of making it a botanical garden or living museum by introducing elements, however interesting, from outside, but simply of reserving and protecting it as it is. It is henceforth national territory and for the next twenty-five years not a random shot nor an unauthorized stroke of the axe will be heard there.

To provide funds for its maintenance it is proposed to organize a national association, annual membership in which shall cost but a franc, life membership 20 francs, and it is not doubted that a people which has been wise enough to buy the Grutli, to preserve its erratic blocks, and to tax itself for the instruction of its youth and their moral and civic education, will know how to protect the picturesque beauties of nature and transmit them to its children as it received them from the fathers.

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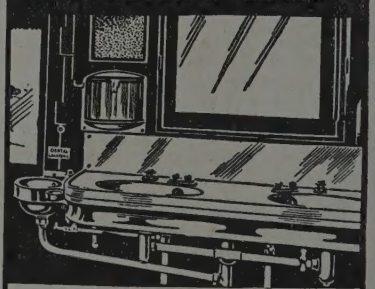

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